

Stupid Thoughts

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/8828710) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/8828710>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Yuri!!! on Ice (Anime)
Relationship:	Katsuki Yuuri/Victor Nikiforov
Character:	Katsuki Yuuri , Victor Nikiforov , Katsuki Hiroko , Katsuki Toshiya , Katsuki Mari , Makkachin (Yuri!!! on Ice)
Additional Tags:	Light Angst , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Anxiety , Crying , Spoilers for Episode 10 , Future Fic , Post-Wedding , Family , why do i keep writing fics about viktor crying???
Language:	English
Collections:	Yuri!!! On Ice
Stats:	Published: 2016-12-12 Words: 1543

Stupid Thoughts

by [futurefishy](#)

Summary

“I’m fine, Yuuri, go back to sleep.” Still that smile.

“You’re not, and I won’t.” Yuuri’s serious tone made Viktor flinch, “Please don’t lie to me.”

~*~

Or: Viktor has a sleepless night because of a stupid, irrational thought, and Yuuri thinks Viktor needs to stop hiding behind fake smiles.

Notes

I had to get a reference to their dance in here because someone on tumblr put the ending to Shut Up and Dance by Walk the Moon and I am obsessed.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Yuuri hated Viktor’s smile. Not his real one — *god* no, he loved that smile almost as much as he loved Viktor himself — his fake one. The one he showed to the press long after he was tired of giving interviews, when the questions got too personal, when they refused to focus on Yuuri like he’d asked them to. *Asked*, because telling them would be rude. The smile he gave Yurio when he

was being bratty, and on top of everything else the younger skater's attitude was pushing him a little too far; but it wasn't Yurio's fault that Viktor's patience was wearing thin, so he got that smile instead of a reminder to watch his mouth. The smile Viktor was giving him now, when Yuuri had woken up in the early hours of the morning to find him sat up against the headboard with Makkachin in his lap.

"I'm sorry," Viktor said, with that fake, fake smile, "did I wake you?"

Yuuri ignored the question. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing. Just a little restless." Viktor assured, "Go back to sleep, *zvyozdochka*."

Viktor would keep that smile on his face for as long as it took. He didn't want Yuuri to know he'd been up the whole night with an ache in his chest. The old fear that usually kept him up at night — that one day his career, the thing he'd put his heart and soul into for twenty years, would end and he would have absolutely nothing left — had been replaced by a new one. One he couldn't rationalise, couldn't think about with certainty. At least he *knew* his career would end eventually, but this new fear was so different, new, new, new. Loving and being loved by Yuuri had made him want to *live* and he was terrified. Terrified that he was running out of time, that Yuuri's 'until I retire' was a hard limit and that he had maybe five, six years at the most before his heart was ripped out of his chest. How could he sleep when the reason he woke up in the morning was slipping through his fingers like water?

"Viktor—"

"I'm fine, Yuuri, go back to sleep." Still that smile.

"You're not, and I won't." Yuuri's serious tone made Viktor flinch, "Please don't lie to me."

And now Viktor had fucked up, and his chest was tight because the armour of that false smile wasn't working and Yuuri was going to see what a flawed and broken thing Viktor Nikiforov was under all the flirting and cheery smiles; and what could Yuuri possibly want with a man who was just twenty years of bottled up regrets under a thin veneer of talent and charm?

"I know something's wrong, Viktor." The anxiety building in Yuuri's voice was audible, and Viktor hated himself even more, "Please, please stop pretending you're okay."

Viktor's face dropped, because that smile was supposed to protect Yuuri, not hurt him. Yuuri's hand reached out to touch Viktor's and the wedding ring was cool against his skin. He had a hard time believing that, after hours of being stuck in his own head; the ring felt like a dream carried over into reality. Viktor cursed himself; he shouldn't feel like this, not when Yuuri had promised him a lifetime as he slid the ring back on Viktor's finger. Not when Yuuri had said he loved him with all his friends and family as witness. Not when Yuuri had trawled the internet for the song he didn't remember dancing to the night Viktor had fallen in love for the first time. Not when they'd recreated that spectacular moment as the the first dance at their wedding.

"I- Yuuri, I," Viktor tried, but the words got stuck in his throat. *God*, he was such a mess.

Yuuri shifted so he could sit cross-legged in front of his husband. He nudged Makkachin gently, and the dog sleepily moved off Viktor's lap to curl up against his hip. Taking both of Viktor's hands in his own, Yuuri leaned down to kiss the gold band on Viktor's finger.

"I got a stupid thought stuck in my head." Viktor eventually managed, "You know how it is."

Viktor had no idea how Yuuri coped with the nagging thoughts and anxiety that plagued him.

Viktor got himself in such a state just with the occasional sleepless night, but Yuuri dealt with this *every day*. True, it was mostly little things — like the bag of nuts on the day of their engagement — but it was also more than that. Like when Phichit didn't answer his phone and Yuuri's mind jumped to all sorts of outlandish conclusions (maybe Phichit hated him now, maybe he *died*); or when Yuuri's mother went to the doctor's with what she thought was a chest infection and Yuuri sat on the living room floor doing breathing exercises, convinced she was dying until she returned with a course of antibiotics and confirmation that her guess was right.

Yuuri hummed in agreement, he knew how it was. "What stupid thought?"

"I was thinking about what you said at the airport, about wanting me to stay with you until you retire." It was stupid. *So stupid*.

Viktor's voice cracked, "And I started thinking that there's a time limit on all this, and- and that I'm running out of time and- *fuck*."

A hot tear ran down Viktor's cheek. It wasn't like Yuuri hadn't seen him cry before, but that tear was the popped cork on Viktor's bottled up insecurity and he was too shaken for it not to all come rushing out. A small whimper, then Viktor keeled over into Yuuri's arms with a wet sob. This could only end badly.

"Vitya, do I need to repeat my wedding vows?" Yuuri asked softly, rhetorically, "I love you, I always will. I'm yours for the rest of my life, Viktor. I will never, ever leave your side."

Viktor was still wrecked by sobs, but choked out, "I know, Yuuri, I know. I love—"

Cut off by another awful cry, Viktor let Yuuri pull him into his lap. The shoulder of Yuuri's pyjamas was already soaked with Viktor's tears.

"Oh, sweetheart." Yuuri hushed, feeling so utterly helpless as he stroked his fingers through Viktor's hair. He knew as well as anyone that this was just Viktor's brain being irrational, and he also knew as well as anyone that that didn't make it any less horrible, "Shhh baby, you're not running out of time, we have all the time in the world."

"I know, I know, I love you, I know." Viktor babbled, "I love you so much, I'm sorry, this is stupid. *I'm stupid*."

"You're *not*. Your thoughts are stupid, not you. And you are not stupid for getting upset." Yuuri said, mirroring what Viktor said when he got all worked up over something silly.

It took a while, but by the time the sun was creeping above the horizon Viktor's violent sobbing had given way to short, jerky gasps and sniffles. His head was pounding, and Viktor was so glad the season was over, so they didn't have to get up for practice. There was no way he'd get to sleep now, and judging by the smell drifting in from the kitchen, Hiroko was already cooking breakfast. When he and Yuuri made their way to the kitchen, Hiroko took one look at her son-in-law and dropped the chopsticks she was stirring with into the pot of miso soup.

"Vicchan, are you alright?" She asked, eyes full of concern. Viktor hadn't checked in the mirror, but he guessed he looked awful. He'd always been an ugly crier.

"I'm fine, Okaa-san," It still felt so strange calling her that, but after the wedding Yuuri's parents had insisted, "I just got upset over something silly. Yuuri took care of me, don't worry."

"Alright." Hiroko said, fishing the chopsticks out of the soup with another pair, "Toshio just made some tea, go and have some while I finish breakfast. Yuuri, can you dish the rice out for me?"

Yuuri gave Viktor's hand a quick squeeze before going to help his mother finish breakfast. He spooned out the rice into five bowls and gave Viktor a little extra, then set to work plating up each of the side dishes as his mother finished cooking them. As he divided up the food, Yuuri watched Viktor through the half-wall of the kitchen. Viktor sat with Yuuri's father and sister at the low table in the living room, sipping his tea and making light conversation. The man wasn't quite back to his usual cheery self, but it was a start.

"Christ." Mari said, staring at the red, blotchy mess that was Viktor's face, "Lover's tiff?"

"No, no, nothing like that." Viktor insisted. The closest they'd gotten to a lover's tiff was in Barcelona, and they'd gotten engaged right after. Viktor couldn't possibly imagine Yuuri ever making him cry, not like he had that morning. "I couldn't sleep and got myself worked up over nothing."

"Have some more tea, Viktor." Toshio said, already refilling his cup, "Do you feel alright now?"

"Better." Viktor said, gazing lovingly at Yuuri, who had just brought a few bowls to the table, "A lot better."

End Notes

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